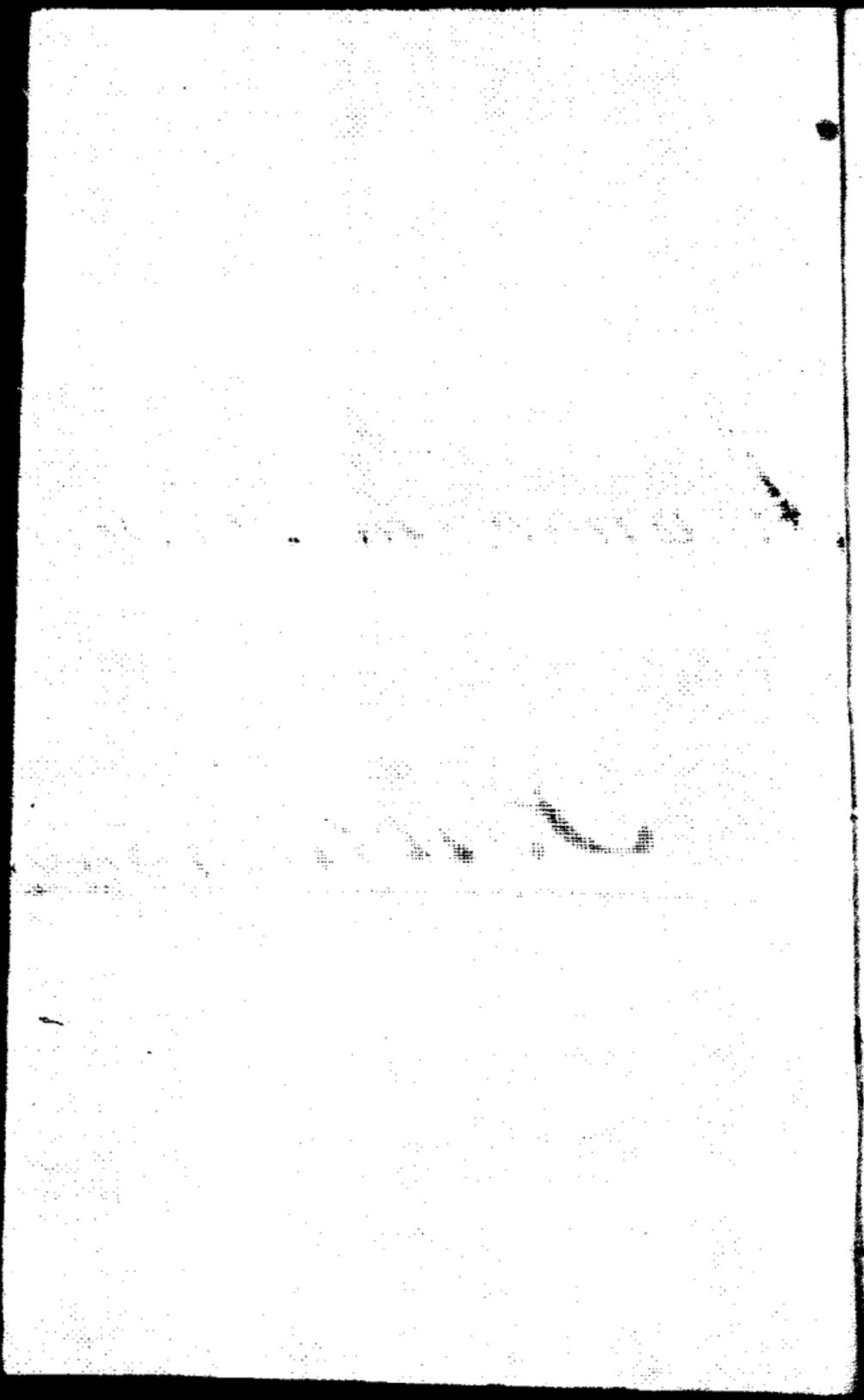


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Alonso The Brave

F. Whitman



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ALONZO THE BRAVE,

AND

THE FAIR IMOGINE;

OR,

THE SPECTRE BRIDE!

A LEGENDARY ROMANTIC MELO-DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY H. M. MILNER.

The only Edition, correctly marked from the Prompter's Book,
with the Stage Business, Situations, and Directions,

AS PERFORMED AT
THE LONDON THEATRES.

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Dramatis Personæ.

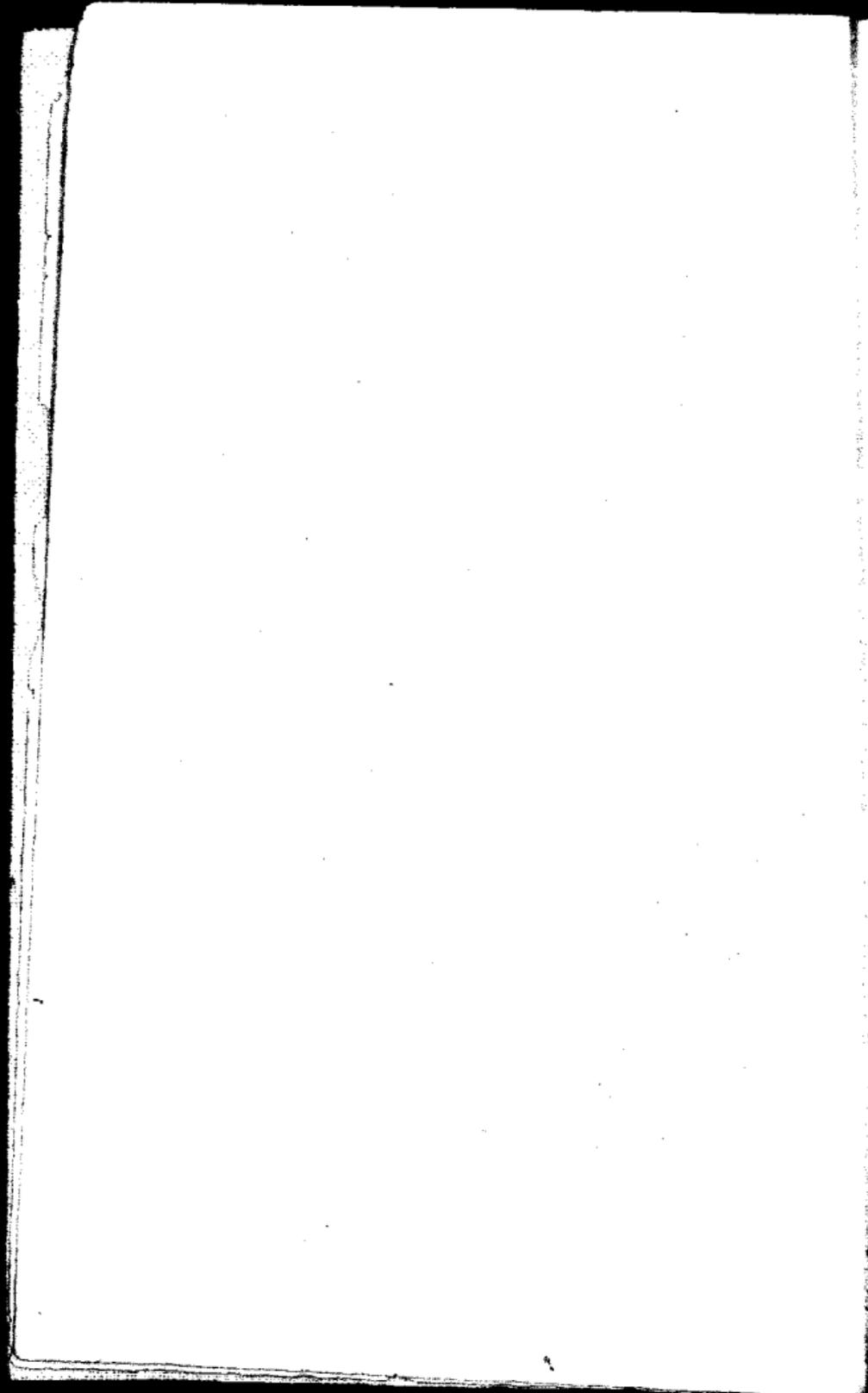
- PHILIP, King of Castile and Arragon, Mr HEMMINGS.
- ALONZO THE BRAVE, General of the Spanish Forces against the Moors, } Mr ROWEOTHAM
- ABDALLAH, a Moor in the Service of Alonzo, } Mr YOUNG.
- IAGO, Major-domo of the Royal Palace, Mr LEWIS.
- HYPPOLITO, a Page, Mrs YOUNG.
- MARSHAL OF THE HOUSHOLD, Mr ELSGOOD.
- ILDEFONZA, Princess of Spain, and Sister of Philip, } Miss POOLE.
- IMOGINE, } Miss WATSON.
- MARCELLA, an attendant, } Mrs DAVIDGR.
- Soldiers, Peasantry, &c.

COSTUME.

- Philip*—Spanish vest, and trunks of white satin ; crimson mantle, embroidered with gold ; coronet.
- Alonzo*—Armour, legs, and arms ; embroidered cloth shirt, and helmet.
- Abdallah*—White Moorish vest, trousers, and drapery.
- Iago*—Handsome Spanish Servant's dress.
- Hyppolito*—Blue velvet ; cap and feathers.
- Marshal*—Spanish tunic, hat and feathers.
- Ildefonza*—Spangled satin train dress ; crimson satin robe, embroidered.
- Imogine*—Plain white dress, with long hanging sleeves.
- Marcella*—Spanish Servant's dress.

SCENE—SPAIN.

23 47 47



ALONZO THE BRAVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Exterior of the Palace of the Escorial.

Enter IAGO from the Palace, followed by MARCELLA.—P. 5.

Iago. I prithee, let me breathe the free air in comfort and in peace.

Mar. Now who, Iago, in all the world, do you think is so anxious for your comfort as your own Marcella.

Iago. My own Marcella! No, thank ye; not quite so bad as all that, neither,—no Marcella of mine—I have not that to reproach heaven with. None of womankind can lay a fair claim to me. But if thou art really desirous of my comfort—and if thou art, it is a rare instance of a woman subduing the desire to torment—I say again, leave me alone.

Mar. Why now, Iago, how can you be so grumpish, and so quizzical, and so unsociable;

would not ninety-nine men out of a hundred feel themselves highly gratified and complimented by my condescending to devote my time to their amusement?

Iago. That's because ninety-nine men out of a hundred are fools.

Mar. All I wonder at is, how such a very attractive and universally admired person as I am, can be stupid enough to waste a thought on such a rusty morsel of old iron as you are.

Iago. I can tell you how it is. It's because I am not to be had,—you women are always dying for what you cannot come at. If I were hankering after you, you would turn up your nose at me; but because I would not give a brass button for your whole sex, and only wish to be left in peace without you, you are ready to hang yourself in your garters for me.

Mar. Well, I'm sure, Mr. Insolence; but before that happens I think you will be hanged in something else. It's very well for you cynical frumps to be always throwing out your sarcasms, and your reflections, and your calumnies against our sex—we always have our revenge; sooner or later, the most savage of you falls into our power—and then, and then, oh! what a dreadful example we do make of him for the benefit of the species.

Iago. The only thing you ever do for the benefit of the species is to increase the stock.

Mar. But come, now, are you ready to take your place in the grand procession of the king and his household, to welcome the brave Alonzo,

the conqueror of the Moors? You see I am quite prepared. It's the positive order of the Marshal of the Household, that we are to walk two and two, male and female.

Iago. Like the beasts into Noah's ark. But now I think again, it's a wise regulation—we shall help to keep you out of mischief—for if you all went together the musicians would never be heard, I'm certain.

Mar. And pray, sir, may I hope to be honored with your arm on this occasion?

Iago. Why, for the matter of that, I may as well; one of you will do as well as another for a walking stick.

Mar. Come, then, it is time for us to take our places: I think I can hear now the sound of the trumpets, to call us together to the grand courtyard. Come, Iago.

Iago. Come along, then, (*he takes her arm very sulkily.*)

Mar. (*Ogling him in the most winning manner.*) Now, Iago, can you wear such a face of vinegar and verjuice, by the side of such a little plump, rosy, smiling, good-natured creature as myself. (*Iago looks round towards her—her good humour for a moment relaxes his sternness, he hastily resumes it; she turns his face towards her with her hand, and again smiles at him—he is conquered and forgets himself, snatches a kiss, but immediately resumes his harshness with much confusion.*) What the devil was I about?

Mar. Only giving an example, Iago, of the old adage, what we must all come to. [*Exeunt, arm in arm, O.P.*]

SCENE II.

An elegant Apartment of ancient Spanish Architecture—in the back an Alcove, with a couch.

IMOGINE is sleeping on the couch—ABDALLAH standing by, watching her.

Abd. She sleeps the calm and tranquil slumber of content and joy,—wrapt in the shielding mantle of her happiness, she little heeds the racking pangs she has struck deep into other hearts; those eyes, now veiled by downy fringes, feel not the wounds they have inflicted. Like the death-charged thunder cloud, sublime in its repose, regardless of the havoc and destruction its bolts have spread around.

Imo. (waking and rising.) Ah, Abdallah! watching o'er my slumbers.

Abd. Yes; patient and faithful does Abdallah watch; watches with breathless eagerness, if haply he could hear a word of comfort or of mercy to himself.

Imo. Abdallah knows that Imagine's is not a heart of marble, and could scarce deny ought of comfort it was her's to afford to a much valued and long tried friend.

Abd. And that is mercy—that is comfort—that cold and languid accent of mere courtesy, that strikes like an icebolt on my burning heart.

Imo. Is this well, Abdallah; my inmost thoughts and feelings have been kept no secret from you; my friendship, warm and faithful unto

death, is thine, Abdallah; but my love, thou knowest, it is all Alonzo's.

Abd. It is! it is! thou needest not to ring the knell of all my hopes thus ceaseless in my ears. I know—I see—I feel, in every word, and look, and action, that thou art Alonzo's. But can Alonzo e'er repay thy love—repay it with that fond devotion of the heart that is Abdallah's?

Imo. I know thou can'st not blame me. I had seen men, seen warriors and heroes of our Moorish tribes,—had heard the pleading accents of their loves; and in my youthful breast the passionless calm reigned, till brave Alonzo came—and oh! he burst upon my dazzled sight a glorious sun of blazing excellence; all valor, generosity, humanity, and love; he was indeed a conqueror, a vanquisher of hearts as well as arms.

Abd. Thou need'st not to remind me of it. Surprised—outnumbered—thy tent, committed to my guard, was captured. But remember Imogine, Alonzo is not always master in the fight—we met again, I saw Alonzo prostrate in the dust, a Moorish sabre raised that would have cleft him to the breast. Then Imogine rushed through the embattled ranks, and cried—'Now, now Abdallah—strike for Imogine! strike thou and save him!' thy words, like our great prophet's, came as inspiration to my heart, and needs would be obeyed,—my scimitar, well stained with Spanish blood, that day, at thy command, struck against the sacred crescent—his foeman fell—Alonzo was preserved. I could not strike a blow to

save myself—I could not struggle to be far from you—in a moment I was surrounded and became his prisoner too.

Imo. Thou more than brother to poor Imogine, stay this wild storm of passion—'tis Imogine entreats thee to be calm.

Abd. I am calm. Is Alonzo's very soul, like mine, obedient to thy will? Thou art his captive, Imogine; the toy, the plaything of the hero's leisure. Princesses of his nation will lavish tributary smiles upon him—and thinkest thou, hopest thou, Imogine, that his poor Moorish captive will be still preferred?

Imo. Abdallah, spare me! spare me! Does it afford thee joy to torture me? (*weeps.*)

Abd. Curses! a thousand curses on this wayward tongue. Down, down impatient heart, learn to endure in silence.

Imo. But see, Alonzo comes—tears must not dim the eyes that always sparkle with joy in loved Alonzo's presence. (*she turns to receive Alonzo—Abdallah, in an agony of feeling, thrusts his hand into his bosom and handles his dagger, his countenance expressing much bitterness—Imogine turning round, notices this—goes up to him, seizes his hand that has the dagger, and looks reproachfully at him—Abdallah is self-disgusted, dashes the dagger to the ground, then kneels and presents it to Imogine—with a look which conveys to him that her confidence is restored, she returns the dagger.*)

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. My life, my love, my Imogine! Even

now the trumpet's clangor summons me away to join the gallant train, wherewith our gracious Monarch honors my public entry to the city; but though the army, the nobility, and the royalty of Spain attend my coming, I could not join them ere I bade adieu to thee, sweet girl, and tasted the meed, more grateful far than all their gratulations,—the honey of thy lips.

Imo. And may it be ever thus, Alonzo. Will not the clamor of their adulation waft from thy heart the memory of Imogine; when at the royal board thou featest upon high-born ladies' smiles—say, will thy thoughts turn homewards to thy humble Moorish maid?

Alon. Ne'er for a moment can they stray from thee; and lest thy fond, yet timid heart should harbour but a doubt of thy Alonzo's constancy, hear now his solemn wish. If ever heedless passion, unworthy of the name of love—if ever ambition, or the lust of power urge my inconstant heart to do thee wrong—oh! as this faithless lip is about to give the bridal kiss, may thy form wrapt in the cerements of the grave, livid and clammy as a recent corse, thrust itself between me and my purposed bride, and clasp its fleshless arms, and seal its moist and dewy kiss upon my lips, claiming its perjured love, the bridegroom of the grave.

Imo. Away such thoughts of horror. Imogine rests her happiness upon the honor of Alonzo.

Alon. I will place thee where thou may'st have a perfect view of all the gallant panoply, and feast thy heart with all the incense offered to the man who breathes alone for thee. Faithful Abdallah,

ever at thy side, shall still guard thee from every ill.

Abd. Abdallah is here for that purpose, and no other.

Alon. Come then my love, in secret shalt thou witness all our pageant; for I, so jealous of thy charms, will not in return afford to Spain one glimpse of that bright beauty, which I prize beyond their costliest splendors.

Abd. (*aside to Imogine*) I see, I see it all; even now I see it. Thou art lost, betrayed; and ere a day is past, will be wretched, hopelessly wretched, even as I am. (*Imogine looks angrily at him—Alonzo turns round, as if to inquire the cause—Abdallah bows humbly—Imogine clings to Alonzo, and they go out, followed by Abdallah, P. S.*)

SCENE III.

Splendid Gardens of the Escurisal—in the back, a Triumphant Arch, beyond which, an open View of the Country. On one side, a Flight of Steps leads up to a wing of the Palae.

Grand Procession of the Spanish Army, Nobility, Moorish Prisoners, spoils, &c. *Alonzo* appears as the General;—when he arrives, he is met by the *King*, the *Princess Ildesfonza*, &c. who come down the steps from the Palace—*Alonzo* kneels to the *King*—The *Princess* places on his head a crown of laurel.

Phil. Rise, rise, *Alonzo*! crowned, as valour ever should be, by the hand of beauty Saviour

of my kingdom, here in the assembled multitudes of Spain, receive thy Monarch's thanks.

Alon. Ah, sire, your royal bounty overpays the bounden service of a faithful subject.

Phil. Not so, my gallant, my invaluable friend, think not to empty praise or frothy commendation thy sovereign confines the meed thou hast so nobly earned. No; a reward, the best, the richest that Philip has the power to bestow--a prize by warriors, peers, princes coveted, awaits thy glad acceptance. Alonzo, brother of my heart, receive the hand of Castile's princess, of my sister Ildefonza. (*shout and flourish.*)

Ilde. Ildefonza cannot think she weds ignobly, or beneath her rank, in taking to her bosom him, who if not born to kingdoms, at least was born to succour and defend them, (*Alonzo, is in a state of the most painful and obvious confusion.*)

Enter *Abdallah*, U. E. O. P.

Phil. How now—cannot the joy of such transcendent honor force from thy lips one sentence of acknowledgment?

Alon. (*endeavouring to recover himself*) Sire, a kindness at once so unexpected, so surpassing even the magnificence of kings, did for a moment press upon my heart with suffocating power, and my tongue, conscious of inability to speak my feelings, trembled to attempt it. Ah, gracious sire, and you, most lovely lady, your faithful servant can but pray he may be able to deserve a gift so past his power to acknowledge.

Phil. Unto the palace; let the festive board

greet the champion of Castile, the brother of the Monarch. (*The King moves towards the Palace, Alonzo is following, handing the Princess; Abdallah comes forward and catches his eye, he is abashed.*)

Abd. (*aside to Alonzo,*) Imagine!

Alon. Lost, lost, for ever!

(*Overcome with emotion he sinks into the arms of Abdallah, who gazes on him with mingled exultation and contempt; the King, &c. group about him in surprise, and on a general picture of bustle the scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.

IAGO'S Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Iago with Marcella, disguised as a young Friar, with gown, hood, &c. and carrying a small bundle.

Iago. Aye, aye, I marvel not, young as you are, at your assuming that holy habit; it has one important advantage, you are delivered from the wiles and wickedness of the female sex. But come, let us drink a cup to our better acquaintance, you have not sworn to renounce that; I'm sure I shall like your preaching, because it will be against the false perfidious sex, who were born only to be our torment.

Mar. (*aside.*) As you shall find, to your cost, before I've done with you.

Iago. Now, there's a girl in this palace, one Marcella, a pretty looking enticing creature enough; but then, bless you, it's all like the bloom on the apple by which our first father was tempted, alluring only to destroy. Now, do you know, this mischeivous vixen has taken it into her head, to set her cap at me, of all persons in the world.

Mar. At you, the professed despiser of the sex!

Iago. Aye, that's the very reason. It would gratify the jade's vanity to have me in her chains; and do you know I have sometimes taken it into my head to imagine that the Jazebel loves me.

Mar. Love you! is it possible. Why, what can ever induce her to love you? But if you have any wish to ascertain the fact, the readiest way is just to pop the question.

Iago. Pop the question! me pop the question! Expose myself, degrade myself; be made the laughing-stock of the whole palace!

Mar. Why then, if you should find it to be the case, I suppose you have no intention of committing matrimony?

Iago. I should as soon think of committing murder.—No, no; but you know one wouldn't go absolutely to break the poor thing's heart, and if I could very sliely come to the fact, that she really, and positively, and truly did love me—

Mar. Why, I suppose you would have no objection to, as sliely, take advantage of the poor girl's fondness. (*Iago makes gestures that he is ashamed to tell more*) A pretty confidence this for

a priest, truly. And I imagine, that if I could draw this secret from her in confession —

Iago. My dear fellow, you have just hit it. Draw the real state of her affections from her, and I'll never scruple to draw for you the cork of the very best bottle in the royal cellars.

Mar. Depend upon it, a fortune-teller would come at the bottom of it in half the time a priest would.

Iago. You really think so? Now, how to make a gypsy subservient to my purpose?

Mar. Be the gypsy yourself.

Iago. I be the gypsy! How do you mean?

Mar. A bit of a disguise, to be sure; and luckily I have the power of assisting you with the means. See here!—(*Opens the bundle, which displays various articles of woman's dress.*)

Iago. What's this? woman's gear! Flounces, furbelows, boddices, and petticoats. Faugh! the atmosphere of my very apartment is infected by them. Pretty travelling tackle this for a priest!

Mar. They belonged to the deceased wife of my only brother, who is lately dead. As his sole heir the bulk of his effects was forwarded to me, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than this old suit of his wife's raiment.

Iago. And you would have me put it on? Me assume the likeness of that which I despise? I would not get into these for my hat full of ducats.

Mar. But consider how much better able you will be to worm out Marcella's secrets. Besides, what a triumph to turn their own arms against

them, and outdo the Jezebels by means of their own weapons.

Iago. Right, right, father; quite right. I suppose I am to call you father, as you call me son; so now help me on with them, and I'll soon find out whether Miss Marcella has really fallen in love with me; or whether according to the custom of her sex, she is only making a fool of me.

Mar. (*assisting him on with the clothes.*) Marcella make a fool of you? No, no! I think she has got hold of the wrong subject. It is not such men as you that the artful creatures can gain the laugh against.

Iago. No; I think the young lady has met with her match in me. How I shall chuckle as I worm all her little secrets out of her; and how I shall laugh at her when I tell her afterwards. What a witch she will take me for—won't she?

Mar. Yes; and, upon my word, you look very much like one. But now I must leave you. Remain in your chamber till dark, and then find your way to Marcella's apartment; and be sure you make the most of your advantage. Marcella make a fool of you! that is an excellent joke upon my word,—a woman make the sagacious Iago look like a fool! the idea is so ridiculous I can't help laughing—ha! ha! ha! ha! Good bye, till I see you again, you miracle of wisdom!

[*exit*, P. S. D.]

Iago. There was something in that fellow's laugh just now, that sounded confoundedly as if he was laughing at me.—But no, that could not be neither. By-the-by, I'll just fasten the doot

though, for I should not very much like to be caught in this plight, if any of the servants should have occasion to ask for me; (*fastens the door.*) And now, Miss Marcella, before night, I'll learn whether the inexorable god of love has compelled you to become the captive of such a queer fellow as me. If so, I'm sure you can't blame me for it. I have used no seductive arts. But if it should be so; and you should prove very, very fond; why then, I don't know but——

Mar. (*heard without,*) But I tell you it is so—I saw her with my own eyes. I wanted to get the key of the confectionary from him, and finding his door fast, I peeped through the key-hole, and there I saw a woman. You may depend upon it, it is so.

Marshal of the Houshold (*heard without, P. S. D.*)

Pretty doings there in the royal palace. I must see into it. Force open the door!

Iago. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what the devil shall I do now?—what will they say to find me, Iago, in this tackle?

(*The door, P. S. D., is forced open; Marcella and the Marshal of the Houshold enter, followed by several servants, male and female. Iago endeavors to hide himself.*)

Marshal. Iago have a woman locked up with him in his room! I can't believe it. Now if you had said he was a little top-heavy or so, I should not have wondered, but the other is a vice he is not addicted to.

Mar. I have said it, and I'll swear it; and I'll ferret the creature out too, before I have done

with her, I warrant me. (*She hunts round the room, finds Iago, O. P. wing, and drags him forward.*) There!—now, Mr. Marshal, will you believe me? Here she is! and a delectable article truly.

Marshal. This hag!—Iago can never have brought her here as a paramour. She must be some wretched creature, who has stolen into the palace for the purpose of plunder. Away with her to the horse-pond, and duck her well.

All. Aye, to the horse-pond! to the horse-pond!—duck her!

Mar. (*aside to Iago.*) What woman could make a fool of the sagacious Iago?

Iago. Oh, you infernal Jezebel! I see it all—it was you, it was you!

Marshal. Drag her away!—souse her! soak her! drench her!

Iago. I tell you it's all a mistake. I'm no woman—I'm Iago himself, seduced and betrayed, into this abominable disguise by a fiend in human shape.

Marshal. Iago himself! Iago, in woman's tackle! come that's a good one. Away with the imposter—to the horse-pond!

All. Aye, to the horse-pond! to the horse-pond!

Iago. I tell you I am Iago.—Oh! you damn'd vixen!—This comes of my caring a fig for the sex. I tell you I am Iago.—Oh! curses on the abominable hussey!

(*They drag him out, Marcella laughing immoderately.*)

SCENE V.

Part of the Gardens of the Palace.—Night.

Enter Alonzo, in great agitation, followed by Abdallah.

Abd. (with biting irony. Permit me to congratulate you on the brilliant prospect that opens now before you.

Alon. Congratulate me, on the enjoyment of a present hell. Imogine—

Abd. Is lost to you forever.

Alon. I tell thee, Moor, that not to buy the hand of the world's empress, would I resign that angel—that fond, confiding—that enchanting woman.

Abd. Then mark me—a dungeon, never to be quitted till your life's latest hour—a similar punishment to every individual of your family, will satisfy the vengeance of the King of Spain. Not so the Princess Ildefonza, her haughty soul will well divine that your rejection of her is not without cause: that cause she'll trace; and Imogine, the hapless Imogine, by every torture human ingenuity can imagine, will appease the fury of a woman scorned. Thus can you never hope to see her more.

Alon. I must, I will, protect her from that fury.

Abd. When groaning beneath your fetters in a dungeon?

Alon. Philip has never married, never may : the throne, upon his death, would then be mine.

Abd. A throne against the dungeon. Ildefonza, too, is fair.

Alon. She is most fair. Princes will envy me.

Abd. But if you scorn her, the very beggars in the streets would not change places with you.

Alon. But Imogine, the lovely, trusting Imogine—can I desert her?

Adal. Point out the way in which thou can'st preserve her.

Alon. Her tender heart will break ! the loveliest of her sex will die !

Abd. She must—and by thy hand.

Alon. What mean'st thou?

Abd. Should Imogine live, farewell to all thy dreams of high ambition : farewell the throne of Spain.—Marry Ildefonza ; with life will Imogine never renounce thee ; and on thyself and her, the vengeance of thy royal wife and brother falls with tenfold fury.

Alon. Demon of cruelty ! thou takest a hellish pleasure in the torment thou inflictest.

Abd. Fate will have it so. Shrink back— withhold the blow, and witness Imogine's despair when she shall hear thou art another's !— kill her by any blow but that, else thou shalt behold her, in shrieking madness, rush into the royal presence, betray her love and thy black falsehood, then, hurried to the rack, in torture expiate thy crimes 'gainst Ildefonza !

Alon. And thinkest thou I can do it ? Can approach her with the assassin's weapon, and

tell her—Imogine, I come to slay thee!—I swore to love 'thee, but I will destroy!—thou gavest me thy heart, thy fond affection, and, in return, I bring thee death! Did hell with all its terrors gape, I tell thee, Moor, I could not.

Abd. That thou should'st slay her with thine own hand, is not needful, nor that her blood be by a weapon shed; there are drugs so potent that a single drop will, in the hour, extinguish life's last spark: such drugs I have about me.

Aton. And shall I bid thee?—Aye, fly and do it, or in her arms I lose the power to bid it. Devil! seize thy advantage while thou may'st, for in another moment my better angel will return, and I shall be all Love's,—all Imogine's.

Abd. (*aside*) I am determined on my course.—Now shall they both feel a Moresco's vengeance. [*exit* O. P.]

Alon. Philip, thou hast gratified my vast ambition. I may, I shall be great; but, oh! I feel that happiness and peace are gone for ever, and that Alonzo is for ever wretched! [*exit*.]

SCENE VI.

Imogine's Apartment—a table set with a simple banquet.

Imogine seated at the table.

Imo. How he lingers! The splendors and the glories of a regal banquet fill all his heart, and he has not a thought to waste on the simple Imogine. But no, I will not wrong him; 'tis no

highborn Spanish lady's wreathed smile detains him from his love; it is his Sovereign's command. I know his heart pants to be with his humble Moorish maid, and he will shortly rush with eager and impatient rapture to her arms.

Enter *Abdallah*. P. S.

Ah, *Abdallah*! Ah, *Abdallah*! why stays my lord? where is my loved *Alonzo*?

Abd. Did I not tell thee that in pomp and luxury of a court he full shortly would forget thee. I left him in a blaze of regal splendor, quaffing full cups to lovely ladies. I should have marvelled had he left so rare a feast. Come lovely *Imogine*, swallow a cup of wine, I pledge thee to *Alonzo*, his prosperity and greatness.

Imo. With all my heart. My repast remains untasted. I had hoped that he, perhaps, would steal away, even from his sovereign's table, to share the evening meal of *Imogine*.

Abd. (*Meanwhile has poured a few drops of liquid in one of the cups, and hands it to Imogine, after filling it up with wine; he fills another with wine for himself.*) Success and joy attend the present purposes of the great *Alonzo*. (*drinks.*)

Imo. (*drinks.*) Ah, 'tis a goodly pledge. His present purpose is his poor girl's happiness.

Abd. Deluded fool! his present purpose is to trample on thee. Even now he sits beside *Idlefonza*, drinking large draughts of love from her bright eyes; sits, and with doating confidence admires, for he is her proclaimed affianced husband.

Imo. Slave, 'tis false! My Alonzo the husband of any but his Imogiue—Oh, no, no, no, he would not break her heart,

Abd. Weak groveling, doating girl! thou wert forewarned. By Mahomet I swear, the monarch has proclaimed him the affianced bridegroom of his sister. With joy Alonzo has received the boon, and for thee—

Imo. He dooms me dead!

Abd. He does, but not the lingering torture of a broken heart; his mercy spares thee that. He wills thy instant and thy certain death;—even now that death is on thee.

Imo. What mean'st thou, Abdallah? Thy words do so abound with fearful horrors, that my astounded soul scarce understands their purport or extent.

Abd. Commissioned by Alonzo, I have done it; revenged my slighted passion, and relieved him from a love that was become oppressive. Imagine, thy doom now circles in thy veins the draught that thou hast swallowed even now preys upon the source of life; but a few moments, and thy woes are ended.

Imo. And thou couldst do this deed, Abdallah! But for Alonzo! he to will my death; basest calumniator! if thy infernal guile conceal not from him thy inhuman crime, dearly will he avenge upon thy recreant head, the murder of his Imogine.

Enter Alonzo, in extreme agitation. P. S.

Alon. Speak, is it done? Drink not, my life, my love! I cannot endure it—I can never be her murderer!

Imo. Ah, my dear lord returned. (*hangs on his neck.*) Thou art come in time to see thy loving Imogine, but not to save her. I have drank the draught; Abdallah did present it—it was poison; he basely did impute the crime to thee; but I was sure thou couldst not do it. Yet do not harm him, my Alonzo, I forgive him; it is so sweet to die upon thy bosom.

Alon. Wretch! monster! murderer that I am! outcast of hell, whom fiends will hence disown. 'Twas I, 'twas I that did it; and Imogine now lies murdered by base Alonzo.

Imo. Have I deserved this, my Alonzo? But if it makes thee happy, I'm content. I lived but for thy happiness, and am content to die for it. No princess will adore thee as thy faithful Moorish maid. But I forgive thee, my Alonzo; there—there,—now fold me to thy heart; it is the last time, and it releives the pangs of struggling mortality. Bless, bless thee, my Alonzo. [*dies.*]

Alon. She is gone! Black and detested fiend, this is thy work. Soon shall her murder be avenged on both its perpetrators. Hence to thy native hell, which yawns for thee; that work of justice done, I'll quickly follow,— (*attempts to stab Abdallah, who struggles with him, takes away his dagger, and casts it to a distance; then gazes with contempt.*) I come, I come, my Imogine; thy murderer's soul hastens to meet thine before that awful bar, and hear his doom; no hell is worse than what I suffer now.

(*Throws himself violently down upon the body. Abdallah gazes on them, and the curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Marcella and Hyppolito, P. S.

Mar. And pray what business have you, you audacious little dog, to be running about after the women?

Hyp. Because, Marcella, I do so love them.

Mar. Love them, indeed! that's mighty fine truly—for nursing you, I suppose.

Hyp. No, but there is something so delightful, so soothing, so exciting in their company. Oh! Marcella, I do dearly love the women.

Mar. The women, too! What one is not enough for you. But let me tell you, my ~~own~~ fellow, that one at a time is generally found more than a match for your betters.

Hyp. But though I'm not quite a man yet, Marcella, I'm sure I love as warmly as any of the full grown creatures. I love you, Marcella, very dearly, and I should just now so like to kiss you.

Mar. Kiss me, indeed! No, thank you, my kisses are reserved for those I think worth loving in return.

Hyp. Ah, Marcella, you are very cruel to me. But there is one I love a great deal better than you. Oh! I adore her.

Mar. A very modest avowal, I must confess; you love me, and adore another—luckily, neither your love, nor your adoration; is worth quarrelling about. But pray, who may be the divinity that is honored by your homage

Hyp. My lovely mistress--the enchanting princess, Ildefonza.

Mar. The princess, Ildefonza! you love the princess Ildefonza! ha! ha; ha! ha! a boy, a shrimp, an infant scarce out of the egg-shell! a page, a serving-boy, who carries her misal, bears her train, or spreads her foot-cloth! you to love her! Well, really, this is better, and better. You are at least very amusing, Hyppolito.

Hyp. Why, Marcella, I have before now heard of such things as princesses falling in love with pages and serving-men; it is so romantic and delightful.

Mar. Oh, no doubt. But then, my pretty urchin, those pages have been men, or something a little more like it. And pray do you flatter yourself with any idea that your romantic passion is returned?

Hyp. No, Marcella, for she is this day going to marry the great general Alonzo. How I hate him for it. Do you know, Marcella, I could find it in my heart to run him through the body.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha!—capital—excellent.—
Bravo, Hyppolito, my hero! you can't do bet-

ter; and if you will take my advice, you will go immediately and challenge the great general, Alonzo; kill him as a matter of course, and wed the fair princess, Ildefonza, in spite of all the world.

Hyp. Now its vry cruel, indeed, of you, Marcella, to laugh at me. If you cannot relieve me, the least you can do is to pity me

Mar. I do, indeed, my poor boy, pity you for having your head stuffed with such intolerable nonsense; and I won't tell the marshal of the household of you, lest he should order you to be whipped. But when a little pigmy urchin, like you, talks of killing the general Alonzo, and marrying the princess Ildefonza, you must excuse my laughing, you must, indeed, Hyppolito.

[*Exit, laughing, P. S.*

Hyp. Here comes the princess. I wish I could find some excuse for asking for one sweet, sweet taste of her lovely lips. I will kiss her hand, I'm determined.

Enter Ildefonza, Hyppolito immediately kneels, takes her hand, and kisses it.

Allow the humblest of your servants, madam, to offer his respectful congratulations on this joyful occasion.

Ilde. Why really, Hyppolito, you are the most gallant of pages.

Hyp. The most dutiful, lady, and the most affectionate. You will not, lady, turn me from you. If the great Alonzo should dislike, you will not let him drive me from your person; for

I should die, royal and lovely lady, if I were not permitted to be near you.

Ild. Fear not, affectionate child; in me you shall ever find a friend and a protectress.

[*Exit O. P.*

Hyp. And that, then, is all I must hope for An affectionate child, and she will protect me! I suppose she means to nail a little gate at the top of the stairs to prevent my falling down and hurting myself. Then I suppose I must wait a few years longer, before I can persuade these angels to notice me; but when I do grow a man, I'll have my revenge, and play the devil amongst them, they may depend upon it.

SONG.

She sleeps like a dove in the rose-grove;
 She sleeps, the Moorish maid;
 Clusters of flowers, the youngest, rove,
 To kiss the brow of the Moorish maid.
 His parting hour did the sun beguile,
 Ling'ring o'er the Moorish maid;
 And left the blush of his ruby smile,
 To warm the cheek of the Moorish maid.

As the zephyr of eve thro' twin-flowers,
 Sweetly breathes the Moorish maid;
 Ringlets of jet, in sparkling showers,
 Adorn the buds round the Moorish maid.
 The grass springs up, by her elbow warmed,
 Cheek on palm all lightly laid;
 A flower that looks like Heaven's is formed
 By the arm and face of the Moorish maid.

(*exit. O. P.*

SCENE II.

Splendid Banqueting Apartment in the Royal Palace. On either side the tables are set out— In the back a small temporary altar, with crucifix, candle, &c. behind which a staircase, which leads to an elevated gallery.

The King, the Princess, Nobles, Ladies, &c. are all assembled p. s. Alonzo enters, he is visibly engaged in an arduous conflict to surpress the poignancy of his feelings,—he salutes the company, approaches the Princess and leads her forward.

Phil. Come, dear Alonzo, claim your due reward. By wedding our sister, you become, in default of issue from ourself, the heir apparent to the throne of Spain.

Alon. (makes an effort to recover himself, and bows, then speaks aside.) The heir of eternal perdition! The veriest wretch on earth! And dare I clasp her innocent hand with one reeking with her beloved rival's blood? Dare I approach the sacred altar, stained as I am with perjury and murder?

Ild. Methinks, my lord wears not the joyousness of aspect befitting the occasion.

Alon. Pardon me, dearest lady, there are some feelings too strong, too deep for utterance.

Phil. The ceremony is fixed at the hour of twelve; till it arrive, let the inspiring dance fill up the joyful hour. (*The King, Ildefonza, and Alonzo, retire to seats, and a BALLET is performed.*)

Phil. The appointed hour is at length arrived ; the holy priest attends.

(*As Alonzo leads Ildefonso forward, he is remarkably pale and fearfully agitated—the Nobles Ladies, &c. point this out to each other.*)

Alon. Every spectator sees upon my brow the brand of guilt and blood. Demons of hell, who made me what I am, aid and support me in this fearful hour.

Phil. Now, holy father, pronounce the nuptial benediction.

(*They advance to the altar and kneel, a Priest appears—the clock begins to strike twelve very slowly. The Priest elevates his hand as if for the purpose ; as the last stroke of twelve strikes, the spectral form of Imogine, enveloped in a luminous vapour, appears at the head of the staircase in back.*)

Imo. Let not the perjury be consummated.

(*All shrink back in horror—Alonzo, in dreadful agitation, is unable to move from the spot—Imogine advances and takes the place of Ildefonza.*)

Imo. Alonzo, thou did'st solemnly pronounce a wish, and seal it with a vow, 'tis registered in Heaven, and 'tis granted. As this faithless lip is about to give the bridal kiss, may thy form wrapt in the cerements of the grave, livid and clammy as a recent corse, thrust itself between me and my purposed bride, and clasp its fleshless arms, and seal its moist and dewy kiss upon my lips, claiming its perjured love, the bridegroom of the grave. Now 'tis accomplished ; the animated corse of

Imogine is here,—take thou the bridal kiss—become the bridegroom of the grave.

(*She folds one arm round him—he shrinks in horror, but cannot leave the spot—she raises the other to heaven, and the altar, with herself and Alonzo, sinks into the earth—all scream in terror, Ildefonza faints, and is supported by the King, a general picture formed, on which the scene closes.*)

SCENE III.

A Vaulted Passage under the Palace.

Imogine enters *p. s.* bearing a lamp, and waving *Alonzo* to follow her—he enters following with horror and reluctance, but as if compelled by a supernatural power—they cross and exeunt, *o. p.*

SCENE IV.

Spacious Vault under the Palace.

A Table, at which sit twelve figures enveloped in black mantles and hoods, each with a cup before him. *Imogine* enters in the front, still beckoning *Alonzo*, who follows, *p. s. l. e.*

Alon. Demon or spirit, whither would'st thou lead me? Cannot thy dread intent be here accomplished? o'ercome with horror, I lack the strength to follow further.

Imo. It is not needed; we have reached the spot.

Alon. What spot? what fearful doom now waits me?

Imo. Is it not a bridal festival? Art thou not the bridegroom of the grave?

Alon. Is this a mockery? or am I indeed condemned to pass a portion of each night in these horrific mysteries, in expiation of my crime. What mean these figures?

Imo. They are the guests—fit guests for such a bridal. (*She hands him a cup.*) Pledge him, ye gallant comrades; and you drink deep, Alonzo—'tis the blood of Imogene.

(*The figures cast back their mantles, and display the forms of Skeletons! each holds in his left hand a goblet, and in the right a dagger—a strong red light fills the back of the cavern.*)

Alon. I cannot bear this spectacle of horror! strike! demons, strike!—drain forth my heart's blood!—bear me to the hell I merit—but freeze not up my soul with visions of such terror! (*He falls down on his face—the rest group, and the Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.

Iago's Apartment.

Enter Iago, P. S.

Iago. It serves me right, perfectly right, for ever having even for a moment entertained a thought of kindness towards a woman. How are these devils of a white species to be kept under? what is the way of taming them? To oppose them is vain—to fly from them, fruitless; and I almost think, that to marry them is our

only chance of being revenged on them; and our only refuge from their wicked machinations, is in their own arms.

Enter Marcella, with Hyppolito on her arm. r.s.

Mar. Well, Iago, how is it with you by this time?

Iago. Avaunt! keep off! approach me not! I feel all over in hot water the moment I see a petticoat.

Mar. And, I believe, a little while ago, you were nearly all over in cold water, from having one too near you. No, no, Iago is not the man to be made a fool of by a woman.

Iago. It was the devil himself that beguiled me. He has been the sworn friend of your sex ever since the time of mother Eve, and he never fails to lend you a lift when mischief and wickedness is your object.

Mar. Come, then, my dear Hyppolito, since he is such an untameable curmudgeon, I must endeavour to console myself without him. I have no objection to your taking a kiss now, Hyppolito.

Hyp. Oh, my dear, dear Marcella! how I do love you! (*kisses her.*)

Iago. I think you must be pretty nearly on your last legs too, to be kissed and slobbered by that baby.

Hyp. (*Strutting up to him, and flourishing his cane.*)—Baby! who do you call baby, fellow? Say that again, sir, and I'll let you know that the baby is as good a man as yourself, sir.

Iago. Stop one moment, and I'll throw you out of the window into the ditch below. (*Hypolito runs behind Marcella.*)

Mar. Touch him if you dare—you offspring of a wild bear. And if he can't fight for me, I'll fight for him, and you'll soon find out who you've got to deal with. Kiss me again, Hypolito.

Iago. Is this to be borne?—before my face too!

Mar. What objection have you to it?

Iago. Why, if I must say, because I'd give he world to do the same myself.

Mar. Oh! you would—would you? and pray what business has a fellow, like you, who despises the whole sex, to think of taking a woman round the neck?

Iago. Why, because I—I—— Marcella; to confess honestly, I love you to distraction,

Mar. Oh! are you there, my master? And so, after all your railing, and condemning, you are brought to confess that you do love a woman; and that that woman is Marcella?

Iago. I never knew it myself till I saw you on the point of becoming another's.

Mar. And now, if I should condescend to consent to admit you as my humble admirer, do you promise to be very, very good, and never to speak ill of the sex again?

Iago. That will be, as upon nearer acquaintance, I find them. But will you promise me never to let Hyppolito kiss you again when I'm not by, and I'll take care he don't when I'm present.

Hyp. Oh, yes! and pray what's to become of me? am I first to be made a tool of, and then turned off?

Mar. I'll tell you what, Hypollito, I'll keep you as a bugaboo to frighten Iago into good behaviour. Aye, Iago, its always thus—notwithstanding all your struggling, and reviling, and scoffing, and railing at us, sooner or later the most obstinate of you must come to this—you must indeed. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alonzo's Apartment.

Alonzo discovered on a couch, and Abdallah standing near him.

Alon. (*as if waking from a sleep.*) Where am I! where are those fearful forms? have they relaxed their torturing for a time? Anon, they'll recommence. I did not know in their infernal realms that there was any respite.

Abd. Be composed, my lord, you are in your own apartment, no form less welcome than my own hath approached your couch.

Alon. It is the same: the murderer bears his hell in his own bosom, from whence he can never escape. But did'st thou behold it? did'st thou see that fearful vision—that spectral form?—'Twas Imogine, the murdered Imogine! She tore me from fair Ildefonza's arms—she bore me with her to the realms of darkness—instead of

bridal joys, I passed the night amid the chilling horrors of the grave.

Abd. Will you not seek the Princess Ildefonza's presence, and endeavour to explain your absence from the festival?

Alon. I'll never see her more. Does she not know? did she not hear and see? a voice from the dark grave proclaimed my crime,—all Spain knows that Alonzo is a purjurer, a murderer. Did not the form of Imogine stand palpably before them? did she not denounce me? Sunk not the earth beneath our feet, to yield a ready passage to that hell I have deserved?

Abd. You fear, then, the resentment of the monarch!

Alon. There is a monarch, Moor, whose vengeance I have cause to dread, whose heavy wrath weighs now upon my heart. As for my bride—my bride is in the grave—Heaven has ratified our union, and I must shortly seek her there.

Abd. Shake off this abject terror; the splendors of the throne—

Alon. Tempter forbear! the empire of the world is now without a charm. I tell thee, death's cold finger is now upon me—the icy hand hath grasped me, and the petrifying influence creeps through my body. And thou, miscreant! dost thou not feel it? 'Twas thou who urged me to the dreadful deed—'twas thou that didst accomplish it. Thou saw'st her writhing in the torment of thine own infliction—thou saw'st her angel form sink lifeless to the earth, struck dead by thy curst hand! The tortures that now wring

my wretched heart, monster, I owe to thee, and not a tear bedews thy dusky cheek, and not a pang quivers thy scornful lip.

Abd. Man, man thus ever seeks to shake off the load of guilt which he feels insupportable, and casts it on another. Was it for me that Ildefonza's beauties shone? Was it to me the Spanish throne was offered? Blame thine own ambition, thine own fickleness.

Alon. 'Tis true, mine is indeed the guilt—but thou wert the abhorred instrument, and the sight of thee is hateful.

Abd. Nay, when thou did'st rush from Imogene's cold corse, to the bright glories of the bridal feast, I staid to give her sad remains a quiet grave, and o'er her ashes raised a humble tomb.

Alon. Then take me to it, now this moment. Let my hot parching lips be glued to the cold marble that enshrines her; let the moist dew that reeks from new made graves, allay the burning fire at my breast. Nightly amidst the mouldering skeletons of murderers, must the murderer meet his victim; till slowly wasted by despair and terror, he sinks exhausted from the punishment of this, to meet the torments of another world.

Abd. Now, now, despised love—now, long suppressed hate—now doubly sweet revenge, you have your triumph; is not the thrilling joy that now expands my heart to see his torments, full compensation for all I have endured!

Alon. Her tomb!—aye, at her very tomb!—this night shall see it done. Quick, lead me to her tomb; thou must accompany me—nay but

thou shalt; thou wilt delight to see my anguish there—nay, do not attempt resistance; despair has nerved me with a giant's strength, and to thy victim's tomb—fell monster! will I drag thee.

Abd. Yes, yes, I will with savage joy glut on his torments, and feast my vengeance with his groans. [exunt. P. S.

SCENE VII.

A cemetery by moon-light.—In the middle stands conspicuous the tomb of Imogine.—on every side the hillocks of graves are visible.

Enter Alonzo, and Abdallah. P. S.

Abd. There is the spot; weep now thy soul away, rend thy stout heart with groans of bursting anguish; thou canst not bring her back again.

Alon. Fiend of destruction!—dost thou mock my agony?

Abd. I glory in it, for it is of my creating; tool, idiot, slave! should the Moor submit to have his heart-strings trampled under foot! My love for Imogine, burning, unquenchable, a thousand times excelled thy selfish passion. I slew her, not to take another to my heart;—I killed her because my tortured bosom could not see her in a rival's arms. Oh it was glorious vengeance! I tore her from thee, and in thy bosom have implanted the gnawing worm that ne'er will cease to prey. Monster! murderer! the murderer of a fond, confiding, doting woman, who would have given her life to save thee; canst thou hear this and live! Strike, strike thy wretched bosom;

here, on her grave, do justice on thyself, and shut the doors of heaven's mercy, for ever, on thy forfeit soul.

Alon. First, there is one deed that calls for my exertion, one blow that first must needs be struck—the blow of vengeance on her fell destroyer. Die, monster, die; the first fruits of my avenging justice. (*stabs Abdallah*.) See, see, my Imogine! he falls, he falls! one of thy murderer's falls!—now it is done.

Abd. The curse of him who tempted thee, and shares thy guilt, call added torments on thy murderous soul, [*dies.*]

Alon. Now Imogine, I come. Alonzo dies. (*stabs himself.*) The sacrifice is now accomplished. Imogine! Imogine!—my bride, my bride!

(*He staggers towards the tomb; it opens; the figure of Imogine appears; she advances to Alonzo, he sinks into her arms.*)

Imo. Now thou art indeed my own—our bridal is accomplished.

(*She kisses his forehead; he immediately seems to die. The adjacent graves open; Skeletons partially clothed in grave-clothes, raise their heads, as if gaping to view the passing scene. Alonzo sinks on the earth close by Abdallah,—the ground sinks with them,—a powerful red glare surrounds them. The tomb assumes the appearance of an aerial car, in which Imogine ascends, surrounded with a blue vapour. The spectres below group, and the curtain falls.*)

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